

A
P O E T I C E P I S T L E
T O T H E
A U T H O R
O F A
P A R A P H R A S E

OF A CELEBRATED

CHAPTER OF ST. PAUL,

(Mr. Anstey)

Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret. HOR.

Respue quod non es. PERS.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR R. FAULDER, NEW BOND STREET.

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M.DCC.LXXIX.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

POST OFFICE

TAU T H O R

PARALLEL

ON THE

WIND

THE

THE

TO THE READER.

THE following Poetic Epistle was at first written as an introduction to a Parody, or something nearer than a Parody, on Mr. ANSTREY's Paraphrase; and as the first asserts that Humour is unalienable from Mr. A. the second contained a proof of it. It is a known attribute of Humour, that it is not to be acquired; I think, we may add, that it is not to be got rid of. When the Paraphrase was advertised, the Public thought that it must be a Burlesque; for unwilling as they were, from regard to his principles, to think it probable that the Author *wou'd* treat so serious a subject ludicrously, they still, from the opinion of his abilities, conceived it more probable than that he *cou'd* treat it sublimely. I thought with the Public, that it would be ludicrous—I will say more, I think it is. The tenor of it is susceptible of two meanings in general—in the few instances where it will bear only one, I will venture to assert, that that one is different from what the Author intended. In short, with the alteration of a very few words, it would become a ludicrous, not to say indecent Burlesque. With this idea I made a few substitutions, and the Poem assumed such an appearance. The substitutions were too obvious to entitle me to any Merit from making them; what they were I leave to the Reader to supply, as a Publication of them, besides the Impropriety of trifling on so serious a subject, would be little less than pirating a second Edition of the Original.

T O T H E R E A D E R

THE following Poetic Epistle was at first written as an introduction to a Parody, or something nearer than a Parody, on Mr. Anstey's Panegyric; and as the first attempt that I made in this kind, I thought it proper to send it to Mr. A. the second copy of it is a second edition of the same, and it is now to be reprinted. I think, however, that it is not to be got rid of. When the Panegyric was published, the Public thought that it must be a Parody; for the thing as they were, from regard to his privacy, to send it private that the Author knew was to become a subject of discussion, they still from the opinion of his abilities, conceived it more probable than that he would treat it seriously. I thought with the Public that it would be ridiculous—I will do more, I think, in the case of it if it is possible of two meanings in general—the allusion which it will bear only one, I will venture to assert, that that one is different from what Mr. A. intended to throw with the attention of a very few verses, a couplet, or a line, not to say a stanza, but to say a stanza, I think I made a few additions, and the poem changed into an epigram. The distinction was too obvious, and I leave to my Master from making them; what they were I leave to the Reader to supply, as a Poet's obligation to supply the property of writing on to furnish a subject, would be the less than putting a second Edition of the Original.

[3]

POETIC EPISTLE

TO THE

A U T H O R.

Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime,
Pride struck thee with the frenzy of sublime.

CHURCHILL.

MURDER will out—and so will humour too,
* Aram prov'd that, and this stands prov'd by you:
Whate'er the subject that employs thy quill,
Kit A—y must remain Kit A—y still:
Alike your humour almost splits our sides,
In sacred poems—or in New-Bath-Guides:
Through all the change of scene, dress, time, and place,
The mimick hero keeps his *smutty* face.

† When old Anacreon struck the tuneful string,
Of deeds in arms and demi-gods to sing,
Amaz'd he heard the rebel measures move,
Responsive only to the notes of love.
Thus A—y by some envious dæmon fir'd,
To nobler themes and loftier strains aspir'd;

Proudly

* Eugene Aram, whose case is a most remarkable proof of that proverbial expression.

† Vide his ode—Θάλασσαν Ἀντιόχου.

Proudly he seiz'd and madly struck the shell—
 Aghast he hears the jarring chords rebel—
 Instead of notes, which full, distinct and clear,
 Might call the nymphs of Solyma to hear,
 In alter'd tone 'tis Simkin that complains,
 And Tabby Runt applauds the pious strains:
 Poor crazy Simkin, many dangers past!
 Has Nicodemus turn'd thy brains at last?
 And having once by him been led astray,
 Must you for ever after miss your way?
 To stop thy preaching 'tis that now I write,
 And stretch my friendly hand to put you right.
 So have I seen, when in the crowded field,
 (In vain the bible turn'd the preacher's shield)
 Some luckless hand the well aim'd egg to hurl
 Full on the graces of the *flowing* curl,
 And as he urg'd with vehemence his theme
 Pour down his hallow'd cheek it's golden stream—
 This task be mine—oh! that some lucky *hit*
 Would drive off dulness and recover wit!

Then let thy wishes with thy powers end,
 Thalia, not Melpomene's thy friend.
 The virtues that are given thee learn to use,
 "Who seeks the shadow, may the substance loose;"
 To better purpose hadst thou read that * book
 (At which you prove at least you sometimes look):

If thou hadst learnt this maxim from the view,

“ To seek the good—the evil to eschew,”

Or from the *book of Proverbs* might I quote

“ According to your cloth, to cut your ~~the~~ coat.”

* Painters and Bards the like indulgence share,

Each claims the charter'd privilege, to dare.

By this one maxim, in the rhiming trade

How many coxcombs, Horace, hast thou made!

This has infected many more a dunce

Than all thy other rules have cur'd at once.

One instance in each trade may serve for all

Take Hogarth's Sigismund, and A—y's Paul.

And thou too, Juvenal, hast brought to shame

Thousands who thought they took the road to Fame;

Thousands from you imagine, I'm afraid,

† “ Something is done, when something is essay'd.

This Tasker made Britannia's cause support,

Which could she know—she would not thank him for't.

Whose great, huge † GENIUS stares us in the face

In the first page— but in no other place.

But wherefore from the croud select one dunce?

In Dunciad distick take them all at once,

All (or near all) the rubrick posts can shew,

From Pall-Mall down to Paternoster Row—

'Twas

* *Pictoribus atque Poetis*

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

HOR.

† *Est aliquid tentasse aliquid.*

JUV.

† Ode to the warlike Genius of Great Britain.

'Twas this made you too, Nature's dictates shun,
 And think you'd writ an † Ode when you had done.
 'Twas this mislead you with the frantick dream,
 When you mistook your ‡ talents with your theme.
 How could thy rancour so deceive thy Muse,
 With themes which she and Truth must both refuse?
 Malice too great, for any cause, to fall—
 That Malice hadst thou for no cause at all.
 Tremble at Hogarth's fate— too like to thine—
 But that no Churchill's merit can be mine;
 Nor would I have the rancour of his mind,
 For all the Genius that I there could find.
 I would not bring a good man to the grave,
 For any little foible he might have.
 Errors like thine, corruptions of the taste
 Are subjects to correct—but not to blast—
 Would thou may'st take me, A—y, for thy friend,
 Whose effort's not to injure, but to mend.
 Like Hogarth guilty—taste misled, thy crime—
 Renounce thy errors, and repent in time.
 Judge thou like him and strive to recompence
 Thy former folly, by thy future sense;
 Deserve his praise as you deserv'd his blame,
 Having his weakness, learn to have his shame.

† Ode to Winter, for which see the news papers.

‡ In attempting serious Satire, and making an innocent man the object of it's falsehood.
Wide the Priest Dissected.

F I N I S.